

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 47

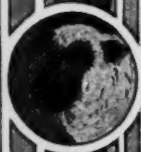
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AUGUST, 1914

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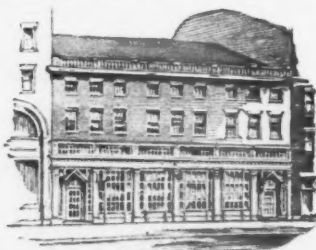
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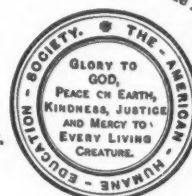
Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 47

Boston, August, 1914

No. 3

Evidences of Relationship

I. Man-like Apes

By PROFESSOR J. HOWARD MOORE



THE science of biology teaches us that the first animals were the lowest animals, and that from these lowest forms have grown, through many millions of years, all of the different families and species that now make up the animal kingdom, including our own species.

The universal kinship means the blood-relationship of all the orders and species of animals. Since all animals have grown from common ancestors, they really form one great family. There are near relationships and remote relationships, but relationships everywhere.

Since all men are bound together by the ties of a common kinship, so also are all the inhabitants of the earth bound together by the ties of a universal kinship. Whether they come into existence among the waters or among the desert sands; in a hole in the earth, in the hollow of a tree, or in a palace; whether they build nests or empires; whether they swim, fly, crawl, or walk; and whether they realize it or not—the inhabitants of this world are all related to each other, physically, mentally and morally.

But it is not necessary to be learned in science in order to know that non-human beings are in a general way much like human beings. Just the ordinary observation of them in their daily lives about us is enough to convince anyone that they are beings with joys and sorrows, desires and capabilities, similar to our own. No human being can associate with these people day after day—associate with them in a kind, honest, and unprejudiced manner, as we would want to be associated with in order to be judged—without realizing that they are constantly misunderstood by human beings and that they are moved by much the same instincts and impulses as we ourselves. They eat and sleep, seek pleasure

and try to avoid pain, cling vigorously to life, experience health and disease, get seasick, suffer hunger and thirst, cooperate with each other, build homes, reproduce themselves, love and provide for their children (feeding, defending, and educating them), contend against enemies, contract habits, remember and forget, learn from experience, have friends and favorites and pastimes, appreciate kindness, commit crimes, dream dreams, cry out in distress, are affected by alcohol, opium, strychnine, and other drugs, see, hear, smell, taste, and feel, are industrious, provident and cleanly, have languages, risk their lives for others, manifest ingenuity, individuality, fidelity, affection, gratitude, heroism, sorrow, sexuality, self-control, fear, love, hate, pride, suspicion, jealousy, joy, reason, resentment, selfishness, curiosity, memory, imagination, remorse—all of these things, and scores of others, as human beings do.

Man-like Apes

There are four kinds of apes that are commonly called the *man-like apes*. These apes are called "man-like," because in important respects they more closely resemble man than other apes do. These are the gorilla and chimpanzee of Africa, the gibbon of Southern Asia, and the orang of Borneo and Sumatra. These apes have no external tail and tend to walk more or less in an upright position, like man. In their general looks and disposition they also resemble human beings. These apes are often called the *anthropoid apes*—*anthropos* meaning "man," and *oid* meaning "like."

The anthropoid races have the same general emotions and the same general ways of expressing these emotions as human beings have. They laugh in joy, whine in distress, shed tears, pout and apologize, and get angry when they are laughed at. They stick out their lips when sulky or pouting, stare with wide-open eyes in astonishment, and look downcast when sad or insulted. When they laugh, they draw back the corners of the mouth and expose the teeth, their eyes sparkle, their lower eyelids wrinkle, and they utter chuckling sounds, just as human

beings do. They have strong sympathy for their sick and wounded, and manifest toward their friends, and especially toward the members of their own family, a devotion not excelled among the lowest races of mankind. They use rude tools, such as clubs and sticks, and resort to cunning and deliberation to accomplish their ends. The orang, when pursued, will throw sticks at his pursuers; and when wounded, and the wound does not prove instantly fatal, will sometimes press his hand upon the wound or apply grass and leaves to stop the flow of blood.

The children of anthropoids wrestle with each other and chase and throw each other, just as do the children of human households. The gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang, all build for themselves lodges made of broken boughs and leaves in which to sleep at night. These lodges, rude though they are, are not inferior to the habitations of many primitive men. The Puris, who live naked in the depths of the Brazilian forests, do not even have huts to live in, only screens made by setting up huge palm-leaves against a cross-pole. Some of the African tribes are said to live largely in caves and the crevices of rocks. This is the case with many primitive men. According to a writer in the *Journal* of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland (January, 1902), "Common forms of dwelling among the wild tribes of the Malay Peninsula are rock-shelters (sometimes caves, but more commonly natural recesses under overhanging ledges), and leaf-shelters, which are sometimes formed on the ground and sometimes in the branches of trees. The simplest form of these leaf-shelters consists of a single palm-leaf planted in the ground to afford the wanderer some slight shelter for the night."

When they sleep, the anthropoids sometimes lie stretched out, man-like, on their backs, and sometimes lie on their side with their hand under their head for a pillow. The orang retires about five or six o'clock in the evening, and does not rise until the morning sun has dissipated the mists of the forest. The gorilla and chimpanzee seem to mate for life. The former lives, as a rule, in single families, each family consisting of

This is the first of a series of four articles by J. Howard Moore, instructor in Ethics at Crane Technical High School, Chicago. His books, "The Universal Kinship," "The New Ethics," etc., have had a wide reading both in this country and abroad.



Photograph by E. R. Sanborn

a male and a female and their children. During the day this primitive family roams through the forests of equatorial Africa in search of food. They live on fruits and nuts and the tender shoots and leaves of plants. They are especially fond of sugar-cane, which they eat in small-boy fashion by chewing and discarding the juiceless pulp. Among the foods of the gorilla is a walnut-like nut which it cracks with stones. As evening comes on, the head of the family selects a sleeping-place for the night. This is usually some low tree with a dense growth at the top, and protected as much as possible by higher trees from the chilly night wind. When the weather is stormy, they cover themselves with broad pandanus leaves to keep off the rain.

Koppenfels relates an incident of a gorilla family which makes one think of things he sometimes sees among men. The family consisted of the parents and two children. It was meal-time. The head of the family reposed majestically on the ground, while the wife and children hustled for fruits for him in a near-by tree. If they were not sufficiently nimble about it, or if they were so wanton as to take a bite themselves, the paterfamilias growled and gave them a cuff on the head. Here is the antecedent of a form of family government which probably prevailed among the primitive races of the human species.

The chimpanzee in his native wilds lives in small tribes consisting of a few families each. Like the gorilla, it passes the most of its time on the ground, going among the trees only for food or sleep or safety. It builds a sleeping-place at night in the trees, as in the case of the gorilla. Brehm, who brought up a number of chimpanzees in his own home as comrades and playmates of his children, and who studied them and associated with them for years, says:

"The chimpanzee is not only one of the cleverest of all creatures, but a being capable of deliberation and judgment. Everything he does is done consciously and deliberately. He looks upon all other animals, except man, as very inferior to himself. He treats children entirely differently from grown-up people. The latter he respects; the former he looks upon as comrades and equals. He is not merely inquisitive; he is greedy for knowledge. He can draw conclusions, can reason from one thing to another, and apply the results of experience to new circumstances. He is cunning, even wily, has flashes of humor, indulges in practical jokes, manifests moods, and is entertained in one com-

GREAT APES

pany and bored in another. He is self-willed but not stubborn, good-natured but not wanting in independence. He expresses his emotions like a human being. In sickness he behaves like one in despair, distorts his face, groans, stamps, and tears his hair. He learns very easily whatever is taught him, as, for instance, to sit upright at table, to eat with knife and fork and spoon, to drink from a glass or cup, to stir the

sugar in his tea, to use a napkin, to wear clothes, to sleep in a bed, and so on. Exceedingly appreciative of every caress, he is equally sensitive to blame and unkindness. He is capable of deep gratitude, and he expresses it by shaking hands or kissing without being asked to do so. He behaves toward infants with touching tenderness. The behavior of a sick and suffering chimpanzee is most pathetic. Begging piteously, almost humanly, he looks into his master's face, receives every attempt to help him with warm thanks, and soon looks upon his physician as a benefactor, holding out his arm to him, stretching out his tongue whenever told, and even doing so of his own accord after a few visits from his physician. He swallows medicines readily, and even submits to surgical operations—in short, behaves very like a human patient in similar circumstances. As his end approaches, he becomes more gentle, and the nobler traits of his character stand out prominently."

"Charlemagne," a chimpanzee who died some years ago at Grenoble, France, was at the time of his death the most popular inhabitant of the town. His popularity was due to his good-nature and intelligence, and especially to the fact that a few years before his death he had saved a child from drowning in a well. The ape saw the child fall, and without a moment's hesitation climbed down the rope used for the buckets, seized the child, and climbed out again by the same rope by which he had descended. The people of the town thought so much of him that they followed his remains to the grave, and the municipal council voted to erect a bronze statue to his memory.

A heartless hunter tells of the murder of a mother chimpanzee and her baby in Africa. The mother was high up in a tree with her little one in her arms. She watched the hunter intently, and with signs of the greatest anxiety, as he moved about beneath; and when he took aim at her the poor doomed thing motioned to him with her hand precisely in the manner of a human being, to have him desist and go away.

THE PRICE

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

The shades of evening gather in the sky,
Filling the woodland with a gloom profound.
Beneath protecting shade devoid of sound
The little wildwood creatures scurry by.

With notes of greeting quaint, in language strange,
Each to the other talks amid the gloom
Of Mother Nature's large reception-room,
Where ever, nightly, these shy wanderers range.

Suddenly on the stillness rings a cry,—
Not friendly, jubilant,—a cry of pain,
Of agony;—it pierces yet again
The woodland solitude, and we descry

A "spring-pole" high in air with dangling weight
That writhes and struggles.—Little woodland friend,
The wretch alone who trapped you can amend
Your wrong, or can your suffering abate.

Into a "sliding-pole" another creeps,
A captive till a watery grave it finds.
The "dead-fall" trap crushes its prey and grinds
Its life out, yet its fur uninjured keeps

For those to wear who reck not at its price
In agony unspeakable, and who
Urge on the slaughter. Ah, if they but knew
The horrors of each devilish device

To trap, to maim, to kill, yet to retain
The body's semblance, that a woman's pride
In wearing costly fur be gratified,
I marvel if they'd claim such price of pain.

FURS FOR WARMTH

Visitors to the highly interesting kinematograph representation, now being given in London, of scenes from Capt. Scott's memorable expedition, can see and hear for themselves that furs are not a necessary article of clothing even in ice-bound regions. Mr. Ponting, the very skilful camera artist, who accompanied the expedition and graphically tells the story, informs us that two or three suits of woolen underwear, and over these blouses and trousers of a thin windproof material were much lighter than furs and just as warm. He says: "So far as Antarctic exploration is concerned furs are a thing of the past."

ERNEST BELL.

WASTE OF ANIMAL LIFE

It is a dreadful thought that when animals are shot or trapped their young must often be left to starve. This is the case with larger as well as smaller victims of the fur-wearing fashion.

A writer tells of a baby bear which he saw, half-way up a tree, where it had tried to take refuge. It was wailing like a lost baby, and looking around in vain for the loving mother whom it would nevermore see. It had been left to its fate by those who had killed and skinned the parents. Few animals are more barbarously treated than the bear, which is trapped or shot. In the former case it often suffers horribly before it is despatched.

It must startle the most unthinking to read the following list of animals killed in a single year in North America for shipment to the fur market of Great Britain alone. Here are the figures: 128,000 foxes, 2100 wolverines, and 82,000 beavers, 15,500 otters, besides 2000 sea otters, 103,000 martens, and nearly 9000 fishers, 202,000 mink, 594,000 raccoons, 867,000 skunks, and 2,000,000 muskrats. And these figures by no means represent the entire destruction of animal life required in one year that skins may be had for human dress.

Boy Scouts Prepared for Peace

By ENOS A. MILLS



LAST winter the parents of a boy had almost despaired because of his incessant deviltry. His companions were the worst and all were constantly doing damage or causing annoyance. At home he was insolent to his mother and indifferent to the annoyances which he caused. He was full of energy which he used like a barbarian. He became a Boy Scout and in a short time this influence wrought an almost complete change in his life. He felt that his parents were not sympathetic and he did not tell them that he had become a Scout. But they noticed a change. Invariably he cleaned his boots before coming into the house. He apologized for slamming the door, and showed his mother so many little kindnesses that she thought he was planning to ask for some special favor. But this not being asked for, she became alarmed, thinking he was cloaking some unusual bit of malicious mischief. Finally, one evening when the maid was away, he offered to help prepare dinner and clean up things afterward. This was too much.

He retired early and as soon as he was gone, Father and Mother, deeply concerned, discussed almost in despair this change in him, feeling certain that he must be up to a number of things that were very bad or else there were symptoms of ill health or mental decay. After a long consultation they concluded to go to his room. He was asleep. To their astonishment the window was wide open. They had not before been able to get him to open the window in winter. They touched his forehead and felt of his pulse. His pulse was regular; his breathing normal. He appeared to be all right. On a chair by the bedside was a red-covered book which recently he had been studiously reading at every opportunity. They picked it up. This book was "The Hand-book for Boy Scouts." The sentences underlined were those which called upon him to render service, be prepared, and be polite to every one. The parents were relieved and happy.

The work of John M. Phillips has made Pittsburgh one of the greatest Scout cities, and it has also brought the work of Scouts up to a character-developing force that is most effective and encouraging.

A few weeks ago a woman, evidently from the country, arrived in Pittsburgh and started from the railway station for one of the large department stores, but she did not know the way. She carried a baby, a suit case, and two or three packages. She resented my offer of assistance and plainly was suspicious of me. She crossed a crowded street and just as she was reaching the other side, a Boy Scout went to her assistance. She knew of the Boy Scouts, but was surprised when the Scout politely, but firmly, refused to take any pay for his services. A part of Boy Scout ethics requires that he render ordinary duty services willingly and without any tip or pay.

First Aid for Animals

The Scout must each day do at least one act of kindness or render service to some bird, animal, or human being that needs assistance. One of the merit badges that a Scout may win is that for First Aid for Animals, and to win it he must have a general knowledge of domestic and farm animals and be able to treat some of the more

common diseases and injuries to which they are subject. Recently little Abe Cohen from one of the poorest quarters of the city reported to his Scout Master his good deed for the day by cheerfully turning in for the benefit of the troop a ten-cent piece which he had found.

Last summer Scout troops from Pittsburgh had camp in the Cook Forest. This is a large tract of primeval woods in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Here are veteran white pines that were growing when Columbus discovered America. Here the Scouts cooked their own meals, kept a sanitary camp, and rambled about with a man who knew birds, plants, and trees. Scout life develops good citizens.

Feeding Birds in Winter

The Scouts in a number of localities are active in the protection of birds and in fact of all wild life. Last winter the boys maintained nine bird-

accidents and to render service. In a thousand emergencies they have been prepared; have rendered first aid, prevented and stopped runaways, and been generally useful. Scouts will give the cause of peace more workers and more heroes.

Scout life will promote international peace. A striking incident of their wholesome influence comes from across the sea. There was bitter national feeling between Norway and Sweden. Recently this feeling became intense and these two nations were on the verge of war. In this emergency the Boy Scout organization in one nation proposed to the Scouts of the other a joint encampment on the border of these two nations. This was effected and aroused friendly international interest. War was not only averted, but there is now a much kindlier feeling between these two peoples.

The Boy Scouts have come to stay. At present a more rapid and a wider spread of the work,



SCOUT MASTER GIVING POINTERS ABOUT BIRDS

feeding stations on the borders of one city and at regular intervals, regardless of cold or snow, a number of the boys made the rounds to deliver food and to see to the water supply of the birds in this district.

This intimate acquaintance with the living things and the earth will give the boys first hand and useful information concerning our natural resources, and a working knowledge of zoology and natural history. These subjects are important and the entire contact which the Scout has with nature will be an educational stimulus, and will sustain a keen interest in daily life. Scout work thus gives the foundation for both education and right living. It develops observation, inquiring interest, compels reasoning, provides endless occupation and enjoyment, and develops wholesome self-reliance.

Scout life will discourage war. Scouts do not use firearms. One of the best stands recently taken by the Scouts is for the elimination of militarism. While the Scouts may wear a uniform, which is well for the elimination of caste, and while they may use signals which is but a pleasant pastime, the majority reject military drill, parading, the carrying or the use of firearms. In many cities the Scouts refuse to take place in any parade, but they do what is better than parade. They scatter themselves along the line of parade and are alert to prevent

and a higher development of it, is prevented through the lack of efficient Scout masters. The fact that one University has established a chair for the training of Scout masters, and two or three others are considering the same proposition, indicates the intense interest of the public in this work.

Bringing Out the Best in a Boy

The Boy Scout organization does something at once for each new Scout. Repeatedly a terrorizing youngster has been changed by Scouts into a helpful local civic force. The Scout body directs the restless energy of the boy so that this goes to things worth while for the locality and especially for the boy. It keeps him busy learning, creating, and executing. Repeatedly a Scout organization has changed a local gang into a helpful organization. Scouting compels the boy to do his best and also interests him in always being prepared for a number of emergencies that may arise. This sort of thing arouses and sustains his enthusiasm. It develops him. The Scout movement is solving many serious problems in the bringing up of boys. It has reduced the work of the Juvenile Court. Somebody has said that at best the Juvenile Court is but a repair-shop. The Boy Scout movement prevents the need of these repairs. It does this simply by recognizing

the characteristics of boy nature and dealing with them in an effective manner. Judge Willis Brown of Salt Lake City once said that the "boy problem" cannot be successfully solved by "men who have forgotten that they ever were boys, and by women who never were." While this may be rather a loose statement it is, after all, a pretty close approach to the facts. The Scout organization has demonstrated its superiority by dealing effectively with the very worst of boys—boys that had never been reached by any other organization and who were bullies and terrors even in their own homes. The Boy Scouts are solving the boy problem.

Scout life breaks or prevents the feelings of caste, the religious, racial, and national prejudices. It is not uncommon for the poor boy and the son of the rich to scout side by side, and a number of religious beliefs may be represented in one Scout troop. But the Scout organization is superior to all of these prejudices because it stands for the natural ethics of mankind. It requires the best from each and it encourages team work. It is a democratic organization and as many of its activities are out on the field of nature, the most democratic place in the world, its whole influence thus is for the elimination of caste and the appreciation of good deeds.

It almost eliminates many competitive evils. The winning boy wins by advancing from where he was and is not considered heroic because he happens to be superior in some things to some

Fountains—Glanders—Veterinarians

By FRANCIS H. ROWLEY



THE horse-drinking fountains in Boston and in some of the neighboring suburbs are closed during these summer months. This is because, in the opinion of certain veterinarians, they spread the disease known as glanders.

Veterinarians listed by the Board of Registration in Veterinary Medicine in Massachusetts number 426. Several weeks ago we addressed a letter to each of the 426, a stamped envelope for reply enclosed, asking his opinion as to whether, in his judgment, the danger from the spread of glanders through the horse-drinking fountains was great enough to justify closing them. Of the four hundred and twenty-six veterinarians 143 replied. Of these 143, eighty-five, 59.44 per cent., declared positively against closing the fountains, 52 in favor of such action, and six expressed no positive opinion. The layman, therefore, who affirms that there is abundance of authority for keeping the fountains open on the ground that they actually play but a little part in the spread of this disease, and that the suffering for water endured by horses on our streets far outweighs the small possible loss by glanders, need not feel that he lacks solid professional support.

Again, at the close of the lecture at the Harvard Medical School last winter by Dr. Charles H. Higgins, Chief of the Biological Laboratories of the Dominion of Canada, we asked him, after he described the way they had stamped out glanders in Canada, if they had closed any of the fountains. His answer was, "No, not one."

Once more. The Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association of London waters 500,000 horses a day. Their annual report for 1912 says, "We have had to plead to fight the cause of man's best friend, the horse, against prejudiced persons who assert that troughs spread disease." In 1903 there were 2529 cases of glanders in London. In 1912 there were 316. Not a fountain had been closed. The government, however, had, in 1908, by its Glanders Act begun to compensate owners for the horses destroyed by it because of the disease. There is no truth in the report of a recent outbreak in London, according to correspondence had by us with the Association.

From a report of this London Association sent us within a month we quote the following:

"The opinion that probably drinking troughs play an important part in the spread of glanders amongst horses is one with which I cannot agree; it would perhaps be going too far to deny that glanders is ever contracted in this way, but I have never known any alleged case of the kind in which the proof appeared to me to be at all complete. At any rate, in my opinion, the risk in this connection is so inconsiderable that your Council need not on account of it refuse permission for the erection of a horse trough and fountain in the Borough." Prof. Sir John McFadyen, Principal, Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

Also this, taken from an address by Prof. Hunting, F. R. C. V. S., Inspector London County Council:

"One more method of spread (of glanders) I must refer to—the public water trough. It is rather curious that some men have picked out this most useful institution for special attack. It is quite possible that some cases of glanders have arisen as the direct effect of drinking at a

public trough, but they are very few and far between. I have an intimate knowledge of the stables of three contractors who have had during the last 20 years four outbreaks of glanders in their studs. Each outbreak was clearly and directly traceable to the purchase of a horse from an infected stud, and was stamped out at once without spreading. *Save these outbreaks no glanders has troubled them, and yet their horses travel all over London and drink at any water trough they can reach.* I feel convinced that infection from water troughs is very rare, because in 90 per cent. of all outbreaks which I have personally investigated other methods of infection are traceable. Even if 5 per cent. of all outbreaks in London were traceable to the water troughs, the gravity of the harm would be no argument in favor of closing the troughs—especially in summer. *The harm resulting to horses from being denied water all day would cause a mortality greater than is caused by all the glanders in the metropolis.* The fact that an occasional case of glanders may be due to public water troughs is an argument for the extermination of the disease, but not for closing the troughs. * * *

"Nothing leads to fatal abdominal diseases in horses more certainly than an irregular and insufficient supply of water.

"Even if it could be shown—which it cannot—that the water troughs infect horses with contagious diseases occasionally, the advantages to hundreds and thousands of horses whose thirst is quenched, and colic prevented, would be an argument for the existence of the troughs."

And this, from a letter written by Thos. Moore, M. R. C. V. S., of London:

"At one time I certainly thought they might be a means of spreading the disease, but in the light of later years and after careful consideration I have altered my opinion. The quantity of water—and consequent attenuation of the virus—its constant movement and overflow, render the risk so remote as to be practically nil, certainly out of all proportion to the benefit provided by your Association's generosity."

The report further says, "As 500,000 horses drink daily at the troughs in London there would scarcely be any free from glanders if any real foundation existed for the statements made by the few opposed to the troughs."

Many more such paragraphs, not a few from very eminent veterinarians, might be quoted. Enough, however, has been said to convince the majority of unprejudiced people that it would be quite safe to give the horse the benefit of the doubt. Given, in addition, such fountains as have the individual drinking bucket, and the danger of infection is so exceedingly slight that only the man whose mind is made up to the contrary and who will not change can continue to insist on the closed fountain.

SET FREE

By JAMES P. KELLEY

One more dead in the street,
And the flies
At his glassy eyes.
Pull the shoes from his feet,
And drag him away
From the sight of the children at play—
The curious children at play.

What is it I hear them say?
"He was whipped till he fell,
"And he died." Ah well,
In the city this bright summer day
He had never a friend—
And this is the poor slave's end;
Of his slavery, thank God, the end!



PLACING SUET FOR THE BIRDS IN WINTER

other boy. No matter how wealthy a boy or his parents he must earn the money that buys his uniform and scout equipment. Scout life stimulates boys to "be prepared" and also vigilant to render service. These allow them but little unoccupied time and almost eliminate the desire for devilment. Already the Scout is certain to influence the character of the next generation.

BE KIND TO THE WHALES!

By EDW. FOX SAINSBURY

No country in the world has shown more enterprise or achieved more solid success in colonization than France since the advent of the Third Republic. But the colonial minister, with all his plans for the success of his country's colonial empire, has found time to think and legislate for the well-being of the birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, and, finally, he has taken under his protection the whale! In Central French Africa and the Congo, in Senegambia, etc., the colonial governors have made very stringent regulations relative to big game shooting, the number of permits to be issued and the close time for all wild animal life. They have gone further—large areas have been proclaimed where the sportsman may not slay, a region of thousands of square miles has been set apart as a sanctuary for the elephant, buffalo, and all animals that might have become extinct but for this wise and benevolent law.

Perhaps some of my readers will think the action of the colonial ministry fantastic—nothing less than an attempt to protect the whale in those seas over which France rules. The official journal, by a recent decree published, gives the rules and regulations to be observed by whalers and sealers.

Article 14 reads as follows: "No one shall fire at or kill any non-adult animal or any mother with her young ones." The same solicitude is shown for the whale and the seal; none may be killed or hunted except under similar conditions.

At the crossroads in Paris one sees, "Soyez bon pour les animaux." Perhaps the day will come when one shall read on the shores of Desolation Island and other French South Pacific possessions the injunction, "Soyez bon pour les baleines."

Yet another league deserves attention—The League for the Suppression of Blinkers. The new president of the Paris S. P. C. A. has offered five prizes of 100 francs each for the best team of horses without blinkers. The result has been quite surprising. In a month 10,000 horses have been delivered from this cruelty. In the Provinces the idea has caught on, and we have seen everywhere horses freed from the blinkers. An article in *Le Journal* says, "Blinkers, ugly, useless and cruel, are condemned by good sense; they will disappear."

Dieppe, France.

Remember that animals need water.



"My steeds go stepping down the lane.
How glad they reach the water-trough!"



HE IS "THE HAPPY FARMER"

"My sturdy team goes swiftly round
And swiftly turns the fragrant ground."

A POET AND HIS HORSES

To pet and care for his own team; to himself guide the plow, as the horses drag it across "the fragrant ground"; with his own hands to fill the deep trough, so that the animals may drink and refresh themselves after their labors,—that is what Charles J. Crandall chose, in preference to an editorial desk in one of the biggest publishing houses of New York, according to Mr. Edward F. Bigelow, of Arcadia, Sound Beach, Connecticut, in a most interesting article on "Crandall—the Farmer Poet," appearing in the July number of Mr. Bigelow's beautiful magazine, *The Guide to Nature*, to which we are indebted for the cuts used on this page.

Mr. Crandall lives at Idylland, Stamford, Connecticut, where he not only finds time to labor for the betterment of his home town but where he continues his contributions to the literary world. In one of the most refreshing of his poems are several lines addressed to the team pictured above. Doubtless the words formed themselves in Mr. Crandall's mind as he stooped to start the plow, or leaned forward to pour the sparkling water for his beasts to drink.

Poetic thoughts, springing from such practical service, ring with a sincerity that brings all animal lovers in close sympathy with the farmer-poet of Connecticut.

THE WATER WAGON

By H. M. R.

Along the crowded street it wends its way;
And eager nostrills quiver at the sight.
Eyes glisten; and whene'er a slackened rein
Allows the chance an outstretched neck
invites

Nearer companionship. The fountains where
Of yore the tired steed allayed his thirst,
Today are closed, and buckets take their
place.

"Here, Jim, old boy,—a drink?" Down goes
a head

Into a bucket held beneath its nose.

"Ah, Betsy, you want some? Well, wait a
bit,

"Till Jim has had his fill. He's thirsty, too."
A coaxing whinny next assails the ear.
Across the street another straining neck
Bega for attention. "Kitty, girl, you're
wise."

The bucket-bearer with a gentle pat,
Gives emphasis unto his kindly deed.
And thus, from morn till night, through
city streets

The water cart its mission doth fulfil.

PLEASE PASS IT ALONG

"Let's all get together to make the life of the horse just a little more endurable during the hot months," urges the *Arkansas Democrat* of Little Rock, of its many readers.

The little reminders in the daily papers to give a thought to the hot, thirsty, tired animals will do worlds of good in making the burdens lighter for them at the time of greatest need.

In the same edition (June 16) of this leading paper may be found a list of things which can be done easily for the comfort of the horse; a timely article which sheds light on the "mad-dog" fallacy; an account of a court case of cruelty to a horse in which the animal was the main witness of his own abuse and suffering, and then, lest perchance these things might be passed over and unread to the detriment of other animals, there appears in the caption of the front page this injunction, in the form which we have tried to imitate:

DON'T FORGET YOUR
DUTY TO THE DUMB ANI-
MALS DURING SUMMER
MONTHS.

Among the Honey-Makers

By FELIX J. KOCH



CALIFORNIA contains one of the world's greatest apiaries. There is a valley just a bit south of the center of the State where a million stiletos are in daily use. The railway company feared to erect a station here, lest the agent be poniarded to death, so there is but a platform, and a long sign-board marked Strathearne. Here and there, among the neighboring canyons, a man may be seen, proceeding slowly, as if by stealth; guarded by grim vizor against the murderous bands. Robbers they are, one and all, these stiletto-bearers, stealing from the valley all it holds sweetest. Unlike most assassins of history, however, these brigands of the Simi valley are not cowards. Death with the victim is the law of their clan, and revenge is prized so much more highly than life that they die willingly in the infliction of their punishment.

unique in that she can lay male or female eggs at will, placing these in cells of sizes varying with the sex, that of the worker being hexagonal and often as much as one-fifth of an inch across, while the drone cell, on the other hand, is of the same shape but decidedly smaller.

In the honey-season, when the bees are storing the honey, the queen bee will lay about 300 eggs a day, or two or three times her own weight. Within forty-eight hours the eggs hatch, larvae remaining insignificant for from four to five days, when the mass takes a rapid stride to maturity, attaining full growth in twenty-one days.

Survival of the fittest is then the rule, and the struggle for existence among the bees wipes out the greater part of them. In fact, while in the winter season bees live for months, and there are instances known of bees living two years, or even three, the average working season of a bee is less than six weeks. Accidents and the strain of the labor are responsible for the number of fatalities. Numbers, however, increase constantly in the hives during the working season.

To understand the interesting ceremonies attendant on this wedding flight one must go back to the older hive. When a queen has filled a hive with a brood, and the bees have been hatched in such amounts as to crowd and overheat the hive, Her Majesty comes to feel that it is time to send out a swarm. If the honey season is good the queen then proceeds to head such a secession, leaving the young queen, reared for this purpose, to depart on her wedding flight, and then, returning, rule the hive.

The queen bee is fertilized but once in her life and it is at this period that, if she be mated with an Italian or other rare species—queens of which bring from \$2 to \$3 apiece—all the successive progeny will show traces of such parentage. The mating takes place high in the air, and no attempts at mating in confinement have succeeded thus far.

As the eggs for queen bees are at all stages when the old queen swarms, the young queen, coming to her own, will go through the hive, stinging through the cells of the rival queens, often on the point of hatching. Bloody Mary, with her stiletto, in this wise, makes way with all possible pretenders.

If, however, the new-crowned queen feels that the season promises exceptionally well and that there will doubtless be a second swarming from the hive, requiring that another queen bee be left behind, she will permit two or perhaps three queen-eggs to hatch. Then as soon as enough workers have appeared the swarm occurs, for the queen can brook no rival.

New swarms may settle anywhere, from low bushes or the earth itself to the branches of oaks thirty feet from the ground, and these the apiarist shakes into the hives, to start still another colony. The members that desert the hive in a swarm will be from a third to a half of the entire population, and as after, or second-swarms are frequent, the productivity of the queen bee is obviously tremendous. Now and then a queen will desert the hive without having done more than about laid the egg in a queen-cell, but this is exceedingly rare.

The cell that is to produce a hive is about the size and the form of a peanut. On hatching, the young princess is fed on a special food, royal jelly it is called, which is milky white, and while pleasant to the taste is exceedingly pungent. This food seems to be put into the cell all at one time, and just before the transformation from the egg occurs. Worker bees are reared on a coarser food and in smaller cells. Both workers and queens are of female eggs, and under proper treatment will produce females. The sex is determined by the will of the mother bee.

The queen bee, however, it must be acknowledged, does not rule the hive, as is commonly supposed. It is the spirit of the hive that governs. Nor are the bees as wise as is commonly supposed. A wild swarm, for example, will settle in a hole newly-washed by a freshet, and where the very next rain-storm will obviously wash them out.

On the other hand they will sometimes show a great deal of ingenuity, if not wisdom. I recall the time when a twelve-inch lizard managed to crawl into the hive. Of course, the million stiletos at once put him to death, but that was not enough. Drag out the carcass they could not; to leave it would be to ruin the hive, so bit by bit the bees removed all decomposing matter until the skeleton alone remained. This, then, was completely polished over with wax, so that any possible harm to the honey might be obviated.



WHERE BEES ARE PLENTY
ON THE APIARY

(above)
(below)

HONEY-TIME
THE HONEY HOUSE

Who are they? Why their thirty-year toleration in California? It is because of the wealth these armed marauders bring in, \$10,000 in a single township, each year.

Not one man in a hundred, an apiarist informed me, has any idea of how the bees carry on their hives and collect the honey; but a more interesting story can hardly be told.

On starting a bee-farm the apiarist purchases a complete colony of bees. The progress of their multiplication and perpetuation is peculiar. A queen egg also must be procured, and this a good one, for without a good queen the hive will die. The eggs range from one-eighth to one-sixteenth of an inch in length and are of so fine a diameter as to be almost invisible. Three days after laying, these eggs hatch into larvae of about the same size as the eggs, and, save for being whiter, constitute practically a complete transformation of the entire egg.

The queen bee, the mother of the hive, is

Otherwise the hive would die out. In the spring the hive contains comparatively few workers—2000 to 2500, and no drones, the lazy-bones having failed to survive the winter.

When the flowers begin to come the bees take up their work. If the season promises to be good, the queen begins her laying with drone eggs. The amount of honey brought into the hive seems to govern her in these functions. Then the workers begin their appearance, and twenty-seven or twenty-eight days after the hatching, or about a week after reaching maturity, they begin their work in the fields, gathering not alone the honey, but pollen as well, the pollen being employed to mix with the honey and to feed the young.

The drones will hatch and mature in about sixteen days, and shortly after begin their flights, usually between 2 and 3 P.M. This flight of the drones is merely for the purpose of mating with some chance queen on her wedding flight.

A Guardian of Girls by MARSHALL SAUNDERS

ONE of the most interesting of the large houses in lovely Queen's Park, Toronto, is Annesley Hall, the girls' residence of Victoria Methodist College.

Next attractive to the bright-faced girls trooping about the Hall, is Paddy—dear Paddy, the pet of the household, and the property of Miss Addison, the lady principal. Does Miss Addison go for a walk? Paddy gambols beside her, his eyes fixed adoringly on her face. If she is absent on business, Paddy is not happy till she returns.

I was there one day when she came in, and noted the expression on the dear dog's face as he lovingly circled about her, and looked up into her eyes, which are aglow with a love to humanity that takes in also God's lower creation. The dog's ecstasy made me say to myself, "Is it possible that there can exist persons who are deaf, dumb and blind to the adoration of a faithful animal like this collie?"

One evening after dinner, when guests and teachers had been sitting in the drawing-room talking to the girls about bird protection, Miss Addison told me two interesting stories about Paddy that I asked permission to repeat to the readers of *Our Dumb Animals*.

This intelligent dog believes strongly in guardianship for girls. Every night he lies by the big front door, until a maid puts out the hall light. After this light is extinguished he makes his way to Miss Addison's door, and lies beside it all night.

One night about twelve, she was awakened by a great barking from Paddy. She got up, opened her door, and Paddy, with expressive tail-waggings, led her to the hall light and gazed steadily at it.

The maid had forgotten to extinguish it. Miss Addison turned it out, praised Paddy, whereupon, quite satisfied, he went back to his sleeping-rug.

Upon one occasion, Paddy showed that he had a rooted prejudice against visits after visiting hours. One of the girls from the Hall had been out to spend the evening. Having forgotten

her latch-key, she was obliged to ring the bell when she returned. It was just a little after her bedtime, and the disapproving Paddy, looking through the hall window, saw that she had with her a young man who had escorted her home.

In great displeasure, he turned to a second girl who had run downstairs to let her friend in, and placed his big body between her and the front door.

The amused girl found that he absolutely refused to allow her to open the door. Every time she put her hand on the knob, he pushed her away.

Finally, the two girls, knowing Paddy's uncompromising ways, requested the young man to leave, whereupon Paddy observing him through the glass, permitted his young friend to enter.

Long life to dear faithful Paddy, the kind, even if over-suspicious guardian of girlhood!

"ROXEY" THE RAILROAD DOG

"Roxey," the Long Island Railroad dog, familiarly known all over the line upon which he traveled for several years, reached his journey's end last month and died in a veterinary hospital. Kind friends, including the officers and employees of the railroad, liberally provided for the dog in his old age and buried him on railroad property.

Roxey was a remarkable animal. He loved the "boys," and traveled night and day with them as though it were a matter of duty. Those who knew and met him on the trains state that he gave the impression that he was a member of the road's staff on patrol duty, going and coming through the trains continuously, seldom noticing a stranger, always intent upon minding his own business, whatever that may have been from his point of view.

"A FRIEND"

He's got an awful stubby tail,
Most time he's full of fleas,
His ear is all lopped over and he's full of dog disease.

He can't go in the kitchen, 'cause
He makes such tracks you see.
But I can't help but like him, for
He is so fond of me.

He's all chewed up from fighting, which
A dog was made to do;
He smells sour when it's rainy, but
His heart is good and true.
And if I go inside he waits
All morning if need be,
Until I'm through, which shows that he
Is awful fond of me.

He ain't a very fancy dog,
Not very much for looks;
I never saw a dog like him,
In any of my books.
Sometimes he gets the mange until
His hair comes off, but he
Don't care for beauty, if
I let him follow me.

I only need to pet him and
He wags his tail and barks
And me and him together go
On lots of gentle larks.
Sometimes he chases chickens, or
A tom-cat up a tree.
But I never whip him, 'cause
He is so fond of me.

I don't know where I got him, but
He must have been growed up
Before I can remember, for
He never was a pup.
And maybe folks don't like him when
Their cats go up a tree;
But I can't help but like him when
I know he's fond of me.

J. W. FOLEY.



THIS DOG SAVED ELEVEN LIVES

Rover, the children's canine playmate, sounded a fire alarm early in the morning of June 2 at the home of Robert Graham, who lives on Queen street, Southington, Connecticut. After saving the whole family the dog kept faithful guard all day over the ruins of the homestead.

When the fire started, from an unknown cause, Rover was on the back porch. He unlatched the unlocked back door, ran to the bedroom of his master and pulled the clothes from the bed. The ten other occupants of the house were in turn aroused by Mr. Graham, some getting out with narrow escapes from suffocation, the building being completely destroyed.

The accompanying picture of Rover was taken by E. W. Hazard, a local photographer, the same morning the house was burned.

NO MOLES—NO CROPS

Every creature has a work to do in the world, and no race can be exterminated or greatly diminished without bringing punishment on the earth. One of the best examples of this is the case of the common mole. This valuable farm-servant in some localities is seriously threatened. Mole-skin is on the list of fashionable furs. The skin is so small that a mole-skin garment means an unpardonable waste of useful lives, when a warm woolen vest or coat would serve as well. The supply of mole-skins is said to come chiefly from Scotland, where, it is reported, one mole-catcher killed twelve thousand moles in six months.

With regard to the usefulness of moles, a farmer relates this experience: "An old mole-catcher came and asked me if I would have the moles killed on my land. I said to him, 'No; if I had no moles I should have no crops.' He replied, 'Sir, you are the first I have ever heard say that, but you are right.' He then went on to say, 'I killed moles once for a gentleman who had a field with a large hill in it. The soil was sandy and full of moles, and yet it used to grow nice crops. I killed the moles, and it never grew anything to speak of afterwards. The wireworms and grubs used to eat the roots of everything that was sown, and the young plants died off.'"

The dog that is chained up all day will generally bark at night. Give him plenty of exercise during the daytime. Pine or cedar shavings make the best bedding. The odor is pleasant, and keeps away fleas and other insects.



MISS ADDISON AND "PADDY"

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILL M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, August, 1914

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

THE FISH, THE BAIT AND THE BOY

Shall we teach the boy that it is wrong to fish? Better it seems to us to awaken his interest in all animal life, to help him feel his moral responsibility to see that justice is done always and everywhere, and let time determine how far his conscience will allow him to fish. There is such a thing as losing a boy's interest in many a cause by carrying our principles to the extreme.

Good men, kind men, have fished from time immemorial. That the fish is of a very low nervous organism, naturalists all agree. It would be impossible to prove that he suffered keenly in being taken from the water. He is entitled, at least, to a speedy death the moment he is removed from his native element. A sharp blow on the back of the head and all possibility of pain is over.

We certainly should try and show the young fishermen that using live bait, like frogs and other fish, has a tendency to dull one's finer feelings, and to make him less sensitive to all animal suffering. F.H.R.

JUST FOR FUN

A Boston physician, a great lover of horses, and the owner of one which is practically a member of his family, has written us of the unfortunate experience through which he has passed because of the average boy's fondness for shooting birds and annoying horses by the use of the pea shooter and the elastic sling, "just for fun." "This beautiful horse," he writes, "so careful of me, so gentle toward my wife and daughter, fearless of steam cars, electric and automobiles, was struck in the eye by a shot from one of these devices. The result was excruciating pain and then blindness for life. All because some boy thought it was fun. If these lines happen to be read by any boy in Boston (and I am quite sure many will do so), I hope he will use his influence always afterward, to prevent further mutilation of either bird or beast." F.H.R.

CRUEL FEEDING

A sample of hay that a man was feeding his horse was brought into our office recently. It was not only poisonous as food, but to starve a horse into eating it was a form of cruelty far worse than any beating given in anger. This hay was the color of dark brown dried leaves, and so moldy that the white mold could be seen on it while the smell of the mold was rank. One of our agents took this hay out of a horse's manger. The rest of the hay in the barn was of a similar character. No horse would eat such vile stuff unless starved, literally starved to it, and no horse could eat it without suffering seriously, ultimately fatally, from it. This same owner was prosecuted and fined for other cruel treatment of his horses or we should have made the attempt to convict him of cruelty for feeding such poisonous hay. F.H.R.

THE REAL HORSE

We do not mean the picture horse under which we wrote the words "Why Not?" but the living counterpart of this vision of the painter. We saw him on Tremont street. He was so like the picture that one might have imagined he had been the subject painted. In his ruin he was a prince still. Over at the knees, spavined, the skin knocked off from both hips in some narrow stall, tail docked,—but big, fine eyes, and the spirit of a colt. Every step, however, must have been one of pain. The ribs could all be counted, and the teeth told the story of toward a score and a half years of service. That night the harness came off never to be put on again. He was set free from all oppression. It was a comfort to know that he could be abused no longer. Once he must have been worth a thousand dollars. Who was the brutal master who, having worn out his strength and beauty, sold him to the hard fate of his later years? F.H.R.

SAVE HIS LEGS

You can do few things more calculated to rest your horse and to save his legs than to encourage him to lie down whenever he is in his stall, day or night. There is a great difference in horses in their habits of lying down in the daytime, but nearly all of them will do it if you will give them room and plenty of bedding. The horse that can be encouraged by right conditions to lie down during the day, when in the stable, will long outlast, in service, the one always on his feet. F.H.R.

BLINDERS BLIND

A bulletin of the American S. P. C. A., New York, says, speaking with an authority of what is not only reasonable but, we doubt not, scientific: Blinders are wrong in principle and tend toward actually making a horse blind. A horse sees any one object with but one eye. Each eye is constructed to see at right angles with the body looking from the side of the head in opposite directions. Therefore it is torture to blind the eye in the direction in which it was made to look. F.H.R.

WHIPS

The *Horse Lover* tells us that there are fifty-seven factories in the United States manufacturing whips or parts of whips. These establishments employ 1546 workmen. The value of the output is \$3,949,643. We are sorry to have to say that more than one-half of all the whips made in this country are manufactured in Massachusetts—though we venture the statement that as small a per cent. of them is used in this State as in any other of the Union, population considered.

Our own experience has been that good oats and hay and the right sort of care and kindness are far cheaper in the end than whips. F.H.R.

THE SERUM A FAILURE

Apparently the widely advertised serum that was to do such wonders in hog cholera has proved a sad failure. More than \$73,000,000 lost last year in the United States through this disease, and no evidence yet that its ravages are being stayed—these facts point to the necessity for something more efficacious than anything yet put forth as a prophylactic or a cure.

A Professor Caryl of Minneapolis, claims now to have found a remedy for hog cholera which "promises to eliminate the serum treatment for germ diseases in all animal bodies." At two of the leading institutions in this country for the treatment of animals we have been told by those in charge that the serum treatment was being abandoned pretty generally because of its failure to give satisfactory results. F.H.R.

A NEW FOURTH

Have any of us failed to notice the change that has occurred in very recent years in the observance of the Fourth of July? A little while ago, and the morning after brought regularly an appalling tale of wounds and deaths. We are glad that *Our Dumb Animals*, in the interests of children, joined with papers like *Life* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in a campaign for a wiser and safer observance of the day. F.H.R.

AN ILL WIND

That is what it is that blows no one any good. A veterinarian told us the other day that a brother veterinarian remarked to him that closing the drinking fountains in Boston was a fine thing for the profession. "Now," he said, "since the horses get practically no water through the day, when they reach the stable at night they drink half a barrel and that means colic later on, and then a call for us." F.H.R.

CHICAGO'S TESTIMONY

The number of automobiles, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, on the loop streets has increased during the last five years 60 per cent. But the census made by the police shows that in the past two years the horse-drawn vehicles for the same section have increased 30 per cent. The automobile truck, one might think from the advertisements of the manufacturers, was the only means of transportation to be seen on the streets of our cities. F.H.R.

DEATH'S TOLL

That one-twentieth of all the stock bred on the open range of the West dies before it reaches a marketable age is the statement of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Poisonous plants sometimes kill half the animals in a herd almost over night; the storms of winter and drought of summer cover the plains with the bleaching bones of cattle and sheep; diseases work sad havoc; insects "which madden and kill" wear away and waste many others. This report, issued last month by the Department, tells a story of lonely suffering and death almost beyond comprehension.

The government is actively engaged in trying to change these conditions which, in addition to all the suffering, are causing such an enormous economic loss. The officials of the Department of Agriculture have asserted that the loss from disease and exposure and ill-treatment among the cattle, sheep, swine and horses of this country would build a Panama Canal every twelve months. F.H.R.

PLEASING EVERYBODY

He was a good-natured man. It was easier for him to please than to offend. He was on his way to town with his son who was riding the family mule. Someone met them and said, "For shame! The father and not the son should ride." The boy dismounted and the father got into the saddle. A little further on another man stopped them—"Why don't both of you ride? That's the proper thing to do." So the father told the son to climb up behind him. At the end of a mile they were held up by still another person who thought he knew what should be done. "Outrageous! Two able-bodied men on a little mule! Get off and carry the mule!" To please the stranger he tried it. The mule broke from the improvised stretcher, rolled down a bank and broke his neck.

"My son," said the father, "We have tried to please everybody, have really pleased nobody, and lost our mule in the bargain. The next time we go to town we will do the best we know how to please our own consciences, let the consequences be what they may." F.H.R.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston
Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined	4608
Fish peddlers' and hawkers' horses examined	549
Number of prosecutions	21
Number of convictions	19
Horses taken from work	132
Horses humanely destroyed	147
Animals treated at Free Dispensary	454
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined	16,272
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	23

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$2500 (additional) from Mrs. M. C. C. Wilson of Cambridge, \$543.17 from Mrs. Martha L. Barrett of Malden, and \$500 from Mrs. Phebe W. Underwood of Worcester. It has received gifts of \$100 "In Memoriam," \$125 from "E. A. H.," \$25 from Mrs. Edith G. Searle Maynard and \$25 from Miss Clara C. Pierce; and, for summer work for horses, \$200 from Mrs. L. N. Kettle, \$100 from Mrs. Angelina Champlin, \$50 from Mrs. W. W. Warren, \$50 from Mrs. F. W. Simmons, \$50 from Mrs. B. A. Plumley, \$25 from Mrs. Ruth C. Appleton, \$20 each from "June 30," "A.M.D." and Mrs. Cornelia Plaff; and, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$100 from John J. Carter, \$100 "In memory of Mrs. Fannie E. Breckenridge," and \$25 from Dr. Alice A. Robison. The Society has been remembered in the will of Kilburn S. Porter of Lawrence.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$273.45 from "a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature," \$100 from "Mrs. G. G. W." and \$20 from a South Carolina friend.

Boston, July 14, 1914.

WATERING HORSES

Can you not send something toward our fund for special summer work? Our two watering carts and the men at stations are costing \$20 a day. This is over \$500 a month. One kind friend gave \$20 and named the day when she wanted to feel she was providing for watering nearly 1500 horses. That must have been a great pleasure.

F.H.R.

OUR NEW BUILDING

The new building serving the three-fold purpose of a home, a memorial and a hospital, is promised for occupancy this autumn. It seems hardly possible that this dream of a home for the two Societies he founded, of which Mr. Angell so often wrote and talked, is so near being realized. That it should also be a memorial to him, and a hospital to carry on in new ways the work for which he served so long—these are realities that were not in the dream.

That solid, attractive building will be a constant witness to the vitality and importance of the humane cause, will awaken interest on the part of multitudes who are reached only by some ocular representation of a great spiritual fact, and create, we believe, innumerable friends for the defenseless animals that are about us.

We need generous gifts, gifts large and small, the gifts of the prosperous and the gifts of those whose hearts cannot be measured by their purse, to make it possible to dedicate this building without the burden of any financial obligation resting on it. Will you not help us, dear reader, and help us now?

F.H.R.

THE BOSTON POLICE

Policemen are much like other people. Some are not interested in animals and never put themselves out to take their part. But this is equally true of ministers, lawyers, doctors. To many the animal makes no appeal. Its sufferings scarcely stir a feeling of concern. However, to say that the Boston police are indifferent to the claims of ill-used and suffering animals is a serious mistake. We are very frequently called up by officers on their beat who tell us of arrests made by them for cruelty, or who ask for an agent's advice on some horse they have held up. Often they are in court as witnesses for us. Many times we have to call up the several stations in emergency cases and we have always had prompt and willing service rendered night and day.

Every year special orders are issued by the Commissioner relative to the anti-cruelty laws; a copy of *Our Dumb Animals* is sent to each policeman in Boston; and last month we mailed to Superintendent Pierce, with his hearty approval, sixteen hundred four-page leaflets, one for each officer, on "How to Kill Animals Humanely." We should often find ourselves seriously handicapped were it not for the cooperation of the Boston police.

F.H.R.

INCREDIBLE

In Millis, not far from Boston, some man, moved by the spirit of revenge, hamstringing one night last month a neighbor's horse. The poor animal was found in the morning helpless and ruined, and had to be destroyed. It is hard to believe that there are men in whose souls there seems no element of pity for defenseless creatures. Though we offered a liberal reward for the detection of the guilty person, and made such investigation as we could, no trace has as yet been discovered of the perpetrator of the dastardly deed.

F.H.R.

THE CLOSED FOUNTAIN

One of the serious results of closing our watering troughs is the deprivation of water suffered by the horses of peddlers, junkmen, and those of similar occupations. In many cases horses of such men are kept in little shacks, or sheds, made in crude fashion, and where there is no water connection. These horses have been entirely dependent upon the open fountain. Now their owners must buy their water, or put in pipes (which they will not do), or let their thirsty horses take a drink when and where opportunity offers.

F.H.R.

THIRST

By EDITH SARGEANT

They gave a fountain to the horse
A meter high.

The big dog lapped his drink of course,
"But how can I?"

The little dog made query wide.
No one gave heed, no one replied.

A galvanized iron tank they filled
For thirsty kine,

And over sides the water spilled.
Small dog made whine:

"Of me nobody seems to think.
Must puddle-water be my drink?"

With scorching summer days, came round
The mad-dog fear.

A dog, some stupid person found,
Was "acting queer."

The marshal came with gun, and shot
The thirsty little dog, so hot.

DAIRY INSPECTION IN MASSACHUSETTS

The following letter, illustrating the difficulties of dairying in Massachusetts, is from the well-known Boston veterinarian, Dr. Daniel D. Lee:

When the doctor told John Cowing to leave his position in the bank and get outdoors, or die, he had \$5000 and a farm of 75 acres in Lincoln, Massachusetts.

John was paying twelve cents a quart for milk, so he thought that he would raise milk and sell it as the most profitable outdoor business he could get into.

He went to Brighton Market and bought twenty-five cows. Some of these cows were native to Massachusetts, so were not tested with tuberculin by the State, others came from outside the State and had tags in their ears and papers went with them, showing that they had passed the tuberculin test.

Well, John got them home and started to raise milk. Of course he had all kinds of trouble with his help, but that was nothing to laws and regulations he had to live up to.

Being a member of the Bankers' Association he got lots of trade from his old friends and fellow members. He put on an auto and sold milk in ten different towns and cities.

Now each of these towns and cities had a local inspector who came to look over John's place.

Each one of the ten told the poor chap to do something or other till he was pretty near all in.

Then the State Board of Health sent a man who told him to put another window in his barn in the hay mow.

About this time the cows began to fall off and John got a veterinarian who tested them with tuberculin and told him that they all had tuberculosis but did not show any "physical signs," so he could not get anything for them from the State, as the local town inspector would release them on the tuberculin test, when he came to look them over.

Next day a neighbor of John came over early and asked for a pint of fresh milk for his sick wife. John milked a pint into a bowl for him and next day was summoned into court and fined \$25 for selling milk that was not cooled to 45° F.

John sold all his cows in Brighton next week. They were not reported to the State as tubercular, as it would only have hurt John to have his neighbors know that his cows were tubercular, and the inspector would release them anyway because they did not show any "evident" symptoms.

In this fine systematic and business-like way has the Commonwealth of Massachusetts wasted hundreds of thousands of dollars in doing nothing for twenty-five years in enforcing laws that are no good.

Did you buy any of John's cows?

What was to prevent you?

American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;
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Mrs. E. L. Dixon, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Boise, Idaho
Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio

A FINE EXAMPLE

How a minister may call the attention of the children of his church and Sunday school to their relations to the animal world was well illustrated the other day, according to the story of a friend who called. He was in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, at a Sunday service. The minister had prepared a special program for the day. This program contained a litany, a part of which read as follows:

"From profanity, untruthfulness, vulgarity, and impurity; from showing disrespect to the poor, the aged and the deformed, and from all cruelty to beasts and animals:

"Good Lord deliver us."

What could be finer as a part of the weekly service of every Sunday school? F.H.R.

APPRECIATION FROM JAPAN

Rev. C. J. L. Bates, dean of the large Christian school in Kobe, Japan, the Kwansai Gakuin, which has an attendance of 710 boys, writes: "That beautiful magazine, *Our Dumb Animals*, is such a delight to the boys. I must add that I enjoy the magazine also, not only for its heavier interests, but its illustrations and stories as well." And a Japanese boy of fifteen, in Kobe, to whom a bound volume of *Our Dumb Animals* was sent, says in his letter of thanks: "My brothers and I have read the book very much. We find it very much interesting."

BANDS OF MERCY IN CONCORD, N. H.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Henry Kimball, vice-president of the Concord (New Hampshire) S. P. C. A., and the untiring efforts of Mr. George B. Lauder, president, more than 1400 boys and girls in Concord are now wearing the Band of Mercy button, with its plea, "Be Kind to Animals."

At a special meeting of the directors and some of the active members of the Society, Miss Louise H. Guyol, formerly assistant secretary of the Louisiana State S. P. C. A., explained the good results brought about by enrolling school children into Bands of Mercy. The directors voted sufficient funds to present a membership button, free of charge, to every child who signed the required pledge.

Superintendent L. J. Rundlett of the public schools heartily endorsed the plan, as did all the teachers, to whom the details of the work were outlined at a special meeting called for the purpose. Each school was then visited by Mr. Lauder and Miss Guyol, with most gratifying results.

"I have organized many Bands of Mercy," writes Miss Guyol, "and have never met with such enthusiastic and unanimous response as by the boys and girls of Concord."

One of the officials of the Concord S. P. C. A. has offered two gold medals, to be awarded in a composition contest which will have as its motive the furtherance of this educational campaign, which, it is expected, will be vigorously continued at the opening of the fall school term.

"KINDNESS WEEK" IN KANSAS

The schools in Kansas City, Kansas, have inaugurated the observance of "Kindness Week," apparently with most satisfactory results.

A humanitarian, who does not wish her name known, offered a prize of \$5 for the best story on kindness. She then wrote, daily, on pink stationery, a letter to the pupils of the school who were observing "Kindness Week." Each day the pink letter was greeted with cheers, and its rosy message evidently bore good fruit, for at the close of the week some four hundred pupils and twenty pupil-teachers entered the contest, submitting their stories on kindness. The prize was awarded to a little girl.

"Be Kind to Animals" buttons have been given to all these children, and will be distributed to the pupils in other schools who enter the contest.

"We believe that our success in our own town will be the best argument for introducing the work into the State," writes our correspondent. "And," she adds, "we are quite sure of getting our bill (humane education) through the next session, as we have such strong advocates."

IN THE BARBARY STATES

One of our foreign correspondents informs us that the ladies in Tunis and Algeria have formed Bands of Mercy. In these countries the Bands of Mercy are a means of approach between races and religions which are, otherwise, not only different, but which are enemies. "What joy it is to me," says one of these ladies, "to bring our little girls to look upon the little Arabs with the same fraternal spirit as they do their European sisters!" Surely it is true that kindness is the only force capable of regenerating humanity.

A GOLD MEDAL

The following item is from one of the newspapers in Dieppe, France:

Through the interest of Mr. Edward Fox Sainsbury, well known in Dieppe, where he has lived for a long time, the American Humane Education Society has given a gold medal to Madam Poullain, the heroic guardian of the semaphoric post of Saint-Denis.

HUMANE EDUCATION IN TURKEY

Armenian and Greek Schools Complimented in Society's Annual Report

A policeman giving special care to the protection of song-birds, and the members of a Band of Mercy raising funds in order to send a fellow member to school, indicate the breadth and variety of the work accomplished in Turkey by the Humane Education Committee of the Society for the Protection of Animals, according to its last annual report.

Mrs. A. W. Manning, secretary, gives in this report a general outline of the work accomplished. She says that the draft of a national law for the protection of animals has been cordially received by the Grand Vizier, who will use every effort to have the law passed by Parliament; the city council of Constantinople has under consideration several new municipal laws, drafted by the Society; the new inspector of police, Mr. Dufour, has given strict orders for the enforcement of all humane laws and himself liberated, in one day, 145 song-birds from nineteen cages; more than 8000 books and leaflets printed in English and in Turkish, Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Greek, Bulgarian, French, Arabic and Judeo-Spanish have been distributed; ten colleges are competing for the Angell silver medal offered by the American Humane Education Society for the best essay or declamation on a humane subject; six other schools have entered similar contests for other prizes; and Robert College has, this year, introduced humane education as part of its regular course.

Stereopticon lectures have been given, each lecture having been followed by the immediate organization of a Band of Mercy. "This," says Mrs. Manning, "is the most difficult part of our work, owing to the number of languages used." Five languages were required to deliver eleven lectures. The total Band of Mercy membership is now 4671.

The Humane Education Committee is sowing seeds for a broad growth of this work throughout the Empire, inasmuch as last year they sent to every graduate of the English and American schools, who intended to take up the vocation of teaching, a package containing full instructions for forming Bands of Mercy (printed in the vernacular of the intended recipient) and a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*.

An increasing number of the Armenian and Greek schools have taken up humane education, with results quickly noted and gratefully reported. "Our president," writes one to Mrs. Manning, "advises all members to be kind to both men and animals. There is quite a difference in our members now." Another writes, "All the members are trying to be more kind to each other and to animals." One teacher reports that, when she finishes with her papers she sends them to another school. One very young Band of Mercy member states, "Teacher, to our garden come many sparrows . . . I feed them. They are my friends, now . . . I do not throw to them stones, as before." One Band of Mercy has planned a bazaar, the proceeds from which will be used to pay the tuition of a poor child.

Similar to our horse shows are the donkey shows of Constantinople. There were fewer donkeys at the last show, many of these animals having been taken for the Balkan War, but those that appeared were in good condition. With the awarding of the prizes, educational literature was distributed.

The treasurer's report shows many donations for prizes. Mrs. Manning expresses the sincere gratitude of the committee for other donations—literature, lantern slides, postals, calendars, printing; and the time and effort of many who have helped with the lecture work in the schools.

FLOAT IN ROSE CARNIVAL Humane Education Car Receives Prize in Boise, Idaho

The first float to represent the cause of humane education in Idaho appeared in the pageant of the Rose Carnival at Boise, on June 9, reports Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, representative of the American Humane Education Society.

In the center of the float stood a pedestal, from which rose a slender staff. At the top of the staff was poised the Band of Mercy star; at its base were grouped the three graces of the humane cause—Kindness, Justice and Mercy; at their feet were grouped little children, with their small pets—birds and rabbits, kittens, puppies. From the tip of the staff four white banners streamed downward, their flying ends caught and borne by boys and dogs. In each corner of the float were groups of boys with bigger pets, dogs and lambs.

The back of the car was filled in with a sign, telling what the American Humane Education Society is doing in the public schools of Boise. Preceding the float and heralding its coming, rode young girls on gaily bedecked ponies.

Flying Band of Mercy pennants decorated each corner of the float; banners bearing humane mottoes hid the gearing; and the wheels were Band of Mercy stars, made of flowers.

"The dominant color scheme was the blue and white of the Band of Mercy badge and banner," our correspondent says, "and we were swamped with congratulations on the beauty and design of the float."

As a tribute to the spirit of the carnival the trellised background at the corners of the float, the pedestal and staff, the floating banners, and the living animals that made part of the triumphant car, were festooned and garlanded with quantities of trailing vines and white roses.

The roses were made by the women; the lumber was donated by the Ruby Creek Lumber Company; the gearing, and horses for the heralds, were loaned by The Allen Horse Barns; and so, writes Mrs. Nichols, "when the time came for it to appear, it was everybody's float, and surely a great success, beyond all expectations."

The float was entered in this pageant as an Idaho interest, through the Congress of Mothers, Mrs. Nichols working through that organization in the schools. It received the second prize in its class.

"I believe," Mrs. Nichols writes, "that the educational value of the beautiful float cannot be overestimated."



HUMANE EDUCATION FLOAT IN ROSE CARNIVAL, BOISE, IDAHO

Birds of Field and Orchard

By F. H. SWEET



BIRDS are the gardeners' best friends. This has been said many times before, in many ways, by many writers and observers. But it is one of the things that can bear repetition, and if anything new and compelling can be said, the repetition will be well worthy of attention. Besides, very, very few understand the extent of the birds' help in raising each year's crops.

When the writer was a boy on a farm, birds were loved in a way and their songs were appreciated; but in their relation to the crops they were regarded as enemies rather than helpers. The red-winged blackbird was thought of as the robber of planted corn, not as the devourer of cutworms; robins, thrushes, purple grackles, and many others, were regarded as cherry thieves, not as the slayers of worms and insects innumerable that mar fruit and cause imperfect vegetables; the kingbird was looked upon with favor because he killed the flies that bit us—which was a small matter, not because he killed the flies that sting fruit, lay eggs in it, and make it "wormy"—which is a very large matter.

One who begrudges birds the little fruit which they may eat in the fruit season is apt to forget that the fruit season is very short, while these helpers are working for him the year round. In the winter the woodpeckers, nuthatches, and brown creepers, are literally climbing up his trees—gathering insect larvae and eggs from trunk and limbs, bark creases and knot holes. In the spring, when leaf and flower buds are bursting, when all foliage is tender, and insect larvae begin to devour, warblers, greenlets, and kinglets come from the South by hundreds to search every delicate crevice and cranny of leaf, bud, and blossom; and were it not for these mighty pigmy hunters, our trees, fruit, and vegetables would literally be at the mercy of insects. Then, all summer long there remain with us bluebirds, wrens, robins, grosbeaks, kingbirds, flickers, orioles, thrushes, catbirds, all of which, while incidentally building nests and rearing young,

spend most of their time protecting our trees, fruit and vegetables.

The greater portion of the food of these birds consists of noxious insects; and when a bird is not nesting or singing or sleeping it is usually searching for food.

It should be noted, also, that most birds feed their young entirely upon insects; and the open mouth of the hungry bird is proverbial. Most of our common birds raise two broods a year. Think of the number of insects necessary to feed from twelve to sixteen young wrens, or eight or ten young robins! Young birds grow so rapidly that the amount of food they eat is simply astounding. I have held my watch on a mother oriole for hours while she fed her young, and she would come with food every three or four minutes, very seldom failing to come within five. When young birds fill the nest this process goes on, with only short intervals, from early morning until evening.

The important question for every one, however, is, how shall the birds be induced to gather their insect food in his particular garden?

A number of suggestions will here be made, but the first and the most important is, give the birds water. Last spring I took a wooden chopping bowl, placed in the bottom of it a chunk of sod, from the roots of which I had washed most of the dirt, filled it with water, and set it on a post which I had driven down in the middle of my back lawn. My flower and vegetable garden were only a few paces away, and both lawn and garden were surrounded with trees.

There was scarcely a day during the summer when birds did not come to drink and bathe. The post was made sufficiently high to protect the birds while bathing, from the cats; and they liked the sod in the water, as it made a good safe bed for them to bathe upon, and the long spears of grass sticking above the water gave them confidence.

The reflection from the surface of the water, like that from a mirror, could be seen for a long distance, and this bird bath became the center of bird life for the whole neighborhood. Robins came hopping upon the lawn to it; kingbirds descended from the clothes-line; the flicker shot down from his nest in a near-by trunk; orioles came from a neighboring orchard; grosbeaks crossed the road from their nest in an adjoining yard; catbirds ventured from a clump of shrubbery a block away; blue jays darted in, now from one direction and now from another, without revealing the locality of their home; bluebirds dropped down occasionally as though out of a clear sky; and all the while the wren, whose nest was in a box in a corner of the yard, seemed to consider this his private bath.

These birds in coming and going visited every part of the yard—trees, garden, bushes, fences.

It would have been best for the garden had the bath been placed on a stake about two feet high right in the middle of it. But I placed it in the lawn for the pleasure of watching the birds. Robins would almost invariably hop across the lawn to the bath, picking up half a dozen worms and beetles as they came; the kingbird would sit on a wire clothes-line and dart out every few minutes to capture an insect; the orioles would stop, either coming or going, in two plum trees to feast on caterpillars; the blue jays would often perch on near-by posts, or even on the rim of the bowl, to watch for the movement of insects in the grass, and every few moments they would dart down to seize them; the flickers found a table spread with their favorite dainties in an ant-hill a



Photograph from Audubon Society
FLICKER

few rods distant; the familiar clicking notes of the grosbeak were heard for some time as they fed in the box-elders, before descending to drink or bathe.

Birds are always in search of food. The necessary thing in securing their services for one's garden is simply to place in or near the garden what will attract them to it. They will do the work as they come and go. And it is this coming and going process that is important, for it brings many birds to one's help.

Some, to attract birds, put up nests for them—for wrens, martins, and bluebirds. It is true that where any birds are heard and seen, other birds are apt to be attracted, as though to see what is going on. An extreme case of this attraction is seen when a snake, cat, squirrel, or jay assails some nest. All the birds of the neighborhood are gathered at the cry of the victims. But it is also true that among birds there is a general understanding that wherever a bird builds its nest, a certain area around that nest belongs to the owner. I have seen the kingbird, whose nest was in a solitary tree, attack every bird that approached. I have seen robins unceremoniously hustled out of trees where blue jays had their nests; and not long afterwards I have seen blue jays hustled out of trees where robins had their nest. To be sure, the blue jay is an egg-eater, and that fact would account for the attack upon him; but the robin never molests a nest, and the attack upon him is due to the fact that the region for some distance around a bird's nest belongs to the birds that built it, and every other bird is regarded as an intruder.

I once placed in my back yard, close beside a bird bath, a home for a pair of bluebirds. The result was that the bluebirds thought they owned the yard. Many a fracas did I see between them and other bluebirds that happened in. To the jay that came to the bath to drink, the male bluebird gave no peace, but kept him busy ducking his head to save it from his strokes. And a robin that, after bathing, rose in lumbering flight to the top of a high post, the bluebird plunged into and actually knocked to the ground.

If the bath is put out early in the season the birds will discover it and build their nests in various places in the neighborhood convenient to its use.

In connection with the bath it is of great importance to erect two or three high posts, and

between two of them at least to string a tight wire or rope. Simply by focusing my camera upon the top of a high post placed in the middle of my back yard, I have secured the photographs of many of the birds that entered the yard during the season.

These posts serve as perches from which the birds watch for insects moving on the ground, in the grass, or among the leaves of vegetables. The kingbird will one moment dart into the air to take a fly, and the next, descend to the ground to seize a beetle. The blue jay may be seen cocking his head now on one side, now on the other, and every few moments dropping to the lawn to take an insect. Who has not seen a red-headed woodpecker perched on a post by the roadside, and wondered what he was doing there? I one day held my watch on one for five minutes, and during that time he descended to the ground for insects five times, and took one in the air as do the flycatchers. He was simply using the perch for observation. Such posts in our gardens give the birds twice the chance to see injurious insects which they otherwise would have.

If one thus attracts birds to his garden he will find that they soon learn to be on hand when any plowing, spading, hoeing, raking or weeding is going on; for it is when the soil is disturbed that worms and insects are brought to the surface; and in approaching near to the worker to secure them, the birds, especially robins, become almost as tame and bold as chickens.

Black-billed cuckoos, kingbirds, orioles, are all very active in destroying beetles, grasshoppers, spiders, weevils, caterpillars, ants and click-beetles, the larvae of the latter being among the most destructive insects known. The grosbeak is the particular enemy of the potato beetle, while the robin, the house wren, the bluebird and catbird are all shown to subsist mostly on animal matter, the greater portion of which consists of insects.

A careful examination of the stomachs of numbers of these birds has been made by the United States Department of Agriculture, and the results of the investigations are contained in the "Farmers' Bulletin" No. 54 on "Some Common Birds in their Relation to Agriculture." From the facts set forth therein, it is safe to say that seventy-five per cent of the food of the birds noted in the "Bulletin" consists of insects, most of which are harmful to our gardens.



Photograph from Audubon Society
RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

ON HEARING A ROBIN SING ON BOSTON COMMON

By RICHARD M. HUNT

A square of greenery between four ways
That spurt their dust beneath the feet and wheels
Of thousands, in the day's unshaded blaze,—
A patch of turf, a pond, some scattered trees:
And hither turns the throng a space, and feels
A mocking sense of Nature's rest and ease.

For what of rest is here? The air around
Bespeaks the city that the green denies,
And hard reverberations shake the ground
As heavy trains go hurtling by below.
They seek no rest, they ask no clearer skies,
These folk! The call of peace they do not know.

For lo! above the thundered city-voice
A robin's song is raised upon the air,
And I, alone, have heard it and rejoice!
The wonted city roar is in their ear!
They give no heed—and yet the song is there;
The one true note of all they cannot hear!

As through a cloud that long has hung and dense
A single beam comes through to charm the eye,
So comes this strain of wild mellifluous
Unto my ear; nor can I hear the sound
Of all the traffic that is roaring by,
Nor any builded walls my world can bound.

—(Soft Maytime evenings when the west is red,
And apple blossom odors drench the air,
And mothers call their children in to bed
From daisy fields that border on the wood)—
Thy song transports me far, O Robin, where
Thy song was learned, and people understood.

You do not know, brave bird, that these who go
In crowds below thee through the city park
Are dulled and deafened by their living so
They hear thee not above the roar and roll!
Some frantic tune must sound to make them hark,
Some strain that moves the feet but not the soul.

And yet sing on! Some jaded soul maybe
Who, weary of these hurdy-gurdy airs,
May catch thy lines of simple melody
And pause a space, unknowingly, and hear,
And wonder what has smoothed away his cares,—
Not knowing truth has entered at his ear!

Flee not, O Robin, brave evangelist
Of simple art, who in this place of strife
Has come to add a melody long-missed!
Raise still amid the din thy silver strain,
And time may come when even here Man's life
Will be content and true and pure again!

THE ROBINS AND THE WASTE PIPE

By W. S. HIGGEL

In summer our refrigerator sets in the dining room, which creates a problem of how to take care of the waste water from the ice box. We solved this by boring a hole through the floor of the room under the refrigerator, placing a large funnel with its small end through the hole into the basement, attaching a hose thereto and running it through a cellar window into the back yard. The steady drip from the hose soon made a wet place on the ground and I came one morning and found a well developed mud-hole about six inches square which appeared to have been made by something wallowing there. The place was too small to have been made by a dog or a chicken and, as I stood wondering what could have made it, a couple of robins came circling around my head, scolding me very saucily. I retreated to a place behind a pear tree and watched. One went directly to the muddy place and began wallowing very much like a hen in an ash-bin, gradually working the mud into a ball under her feet, when she ran her bill through the center of it and flew away to her nest. The other robin did like the first and many times during the day I saw them carrying mud with which to cement their nest. It was a very dry season, there were no mud puddles in the streets, and the drip from our refrigerator, instead of being wasted, helped these little feathered friends to build their house.



Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARVOTT, State Organizers
L. H. GUYOL.

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our Dumb Animals, for one year.
 2. Twenty leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

An unusual number of new Bands were reported in June—334 in all, of which 90 were in schools of Providence, Rhode Island; 88 in schools of Connecticut; 50 in Sunday schools and 31 in public schools of Massachusetts; 35 in schools of Concord, New Hampshire; and 33 in schools of Ohio. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

Schools in Massachusetts

Manchester: George A. Priest, 8; John Price, 4.
Rockport: Broadway, 4; George J. Tarr, 5; Mt. Pleasant, 2; Beach St., Reed, 2; Pigeon Hill, 3; Pigeon Cove, 2.

Bridgewater, Massachusetts: Central Square Congregational S. S., 15; Methodist S. S., 6; Trinity S. S., 8; New Church S. S., 9.

Brockton, Massachusetts: Y. W. C. A.; First Baptist S. S., 12.

Schools in Concord, New Hampshire

Rumford, 8; Merrimack, 5; Franklin, 4; Penacook, 4; Dewey, 4; H. P. Dame, 3; Garrison, 7.

Canterbury, New Hampshire: Canterbury.

Schools in Providence, Rhode Island

Federal St. Primary, 4; Carpenter St. Primary, 7; Pallas St. Primary, 3; Amherst St. Primary, 4; Covell St. Primary, 4; Willow St. Primary, 8; Roosevelt St. Primary, 9; Plain St. Primary, 4; Bowen St. Primary, 4; Ralph St. Primary, 8; Potter Ave. Primary, 11; Warren St. Primary, 4; Knight St. Primary, 20.

Schools in Connecticut

Hartford: St. Cyril and Melodius, 5.
New Britain: East St., 17; Smith, 10; Smalley, 19; Sacred Heart, 17.

Windsor: Roger Ludlow, 4; Fourth District, 2; Hayden Station; Bell; Wilson, 2; Stony Hill, 2.

Windsor Locks: Union, 8.

Schools in Piqua, Ohio

Park Ave., 2; Staunton St., 3; Madison Ave., 2; Favorite Hill, 3; Spring St., 4; South St., 8; North St., 4; St. Boniface, 3; St. Mary's, 4.

Washington, D. C.: Phillips School.

Manning, South Carolina: Clarendon.

Louisville, Kentucky: School Club.

Big Sandy, Tennessee: Big Sandy L. T. L.

Hico, Texas: Hico.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 93,013.

ONE THOUSAND MEMBERS

Mr. F. R. Langley, a young man living in Roxbury, Massachusetts, has been very successful in organizing Bands of Mercy on his own initiative. He does not hesitate to secure members through correspondence with young people in distant points. One of his Bands has 1007 members; and, in the entire four divisions which he has organized, there are now 1631 members. The latest Band formed by him was in Lewiston, Maine.



A NOVEL SPAN SEEN IN THE OLD WORLD

LLAMAS IN HARNESS

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

An interesting attraction in one of the European Zoological Gardens is a pair of tame llamas that carry passengers about the grounds. They are declared to be the only creatures of their kind in Europe that have been trained for this purpose. The animals draw a light carriage, and at a recent test it was shown that they could easily pull a load of 450 pounds. They are quite docile and readily answer to the rein.

A DAILY PRAYER

Fathers, mothers, teachers, all who have the training and guidance of children, will you not add this petition to the daily prayer of those entrusted to your care: Almighty God, Father of all Mercies, help me to be kind to animals, and incline also, I pray Thee, the hearts of men and children everywhere to be kind to them, and to prevent cruelty to all birds and beasts the world over. Amen.

This brief prayer was born in the heart of a great lover of animals, under circumstances that recalled vividly his early days. He cannot help thinking of it as a means of unmeasured good if only it could be taught to the heart of childhood and become one of the ends for which it lives and prays.

FOR KINDNESS IN INDIA

Away over in Ferozepore Cantt, Punjab, India, a Band of Mercy was formed in 1911, which has since grown to the Animals' Friend Society. It now publishes a long list of attractive leaflets which are being distributed widely in the interest of humane education in that land. In addition to the general protection of animals and especially of birds, the Society "aims to inculcate these principles: that indifference is the normal attitude of young people towards animal suffering; that the vow of humanity can be taken none too early in life; that mercy finds its earliest expression in man's relation to the lower animals; that just as dirt is the hot-bed of disease, so the cruel heart is the fruitful source of much crime." It also seeks to promote knowledge of natural and humane diet for philanthropic reasons as well as hygienic considerations.

Animals are such friends: they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.—George Elliot.

"MISS BETTY"

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

(The following verses are founded on fact. A little lad of eight years of age was found in the out-patient department of Bolingbroke Hospital, London, sobbing bitterly, a large covered basket by his side, which he had carried all the way from his home in Battersea. In the basket was his pet hen, with a broken leg, which was treated by the surgeon in charge, the patient's name being entered on the hospital books as "Miss Betty.")

Sobbing he sat, the little lad
Who'd walked from Battersea
To one of London's hospitals;
Footsore and weary he.

For no light burden had he borne,—
The basket by his side;
And now at last the doctor came,
And o'er him bent, and tried

By gentle words to soothe his woe:
"What is your trouble, child?
Are you in pain? How are you hurt?"
He asked in accents mild.

"O 'tisn't me; 'tis Betty, sir!"
"And who might Betty be?"
"Why, Betty is my poor pet hen,"
The boy said mournfully.

He then from out the basket drew
The fluttering, frightened bird,
Whose broken leg hung helplessly;
Straightway, without a word,

The kindly surgeon took the fowl,
The broken leg was bound
Most tenderly, and placed in splints,
To make it straight and sound.

O happy was that little lad
As on his way he went
With poor lame Betty, that spring day,
Now quiet and content.

And at old Bolingbroke today,
Upon the record book
Of that famed hospital, you'll find,
If you should deign to look,

The name "Miss Betty" entered there,
"Patient" of one whose fame
Is known throughout the whole wide land—
All honor to his name!

PRINCE FAINTS AT BULL-FIGHT

Madrid, 15 June.—The ten-year-old Crown Prince of Italy, Umberto, who traveled incognito on the cruiser Buglia, witnessed a bull-fight yesterday at Palma in the Isle of Mallorca. Seeing how a bull ripped the belly of a horse the young prince fainted and, after recovering, left the arena, crying vehemently.

TANTALUS

By THOS. J. TAYLOR

I look into your drowsy eyes and try
To dream your dreams;
My soul with yours would fain identify,
To prove what seems
A glimpsing of the mystic, vast Unknown—
Unknown to me—
A richer knowledge granted you alone,
Or fantasy.

At times I see your wonder-eyes in glow,
Forgetting sleep,
Transfix some thing above or, 'chance, below
My vision's sweep;
And strife to share your keener view avails
Me not at all,
For e'er before my sight there lie the scales
That will not fall.

So, as you near that hazy borderland
Which charms repose,
The secret of your eyes I would command
Before they close.
My ardent seeking ever met mishap—
Or this, or that—
And now—Ah me! again? Well, have your nap,
Peter, my cat!

SQUIRREL IN HOME OF KITTENS

An interested reader verified the facts in the following account of the unusual attachment of a squirrel to a family of cats, which was published in the *Daily Times* of Woburn, Massachusetts, where the incident occurred:

A squirrel has made its home with the Cardinal family on Fowle street, under the care and guidance of a careful and loving Tabby and a number of little kittens. The other day, the mother cat with her batch of three or four little ones was taking a short walk and was in the act of entering the house, when a tiny squirrel which had followed them for a distance, ran confidently up to the kittens and playfully, although fearfully, attempted to make friends. Strangely enough, the big cat took little or no notice of it.

When the members of the cat family entered the house, the little squirrel hopped up the step and disappeared into the house. Mrs. Ralph Cardinal was amazed at the unusual tableau, but was even more surprised when the squirrel followed the cat and kittens to the nest, and then fearlessly cuddled up with the rest. That happened several days ago. Now the squirrel is a regular member of the cat family.

KIND TO ANIMALS

"He is the most tender-hearted man I ever saw." "Kind to animals?" "I should say so. Why, when he found the family cat insisted on sleeping in the coal bin, he immediately ordered a ton of soft coal."—*Buffalo Express*.

DICKENS' CAT

Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and like all true lovers he was likely to become the slave of his pets. Williamina, a little white cat, was a favorite with the entire household, but showed an especial devotion to its master. She selected a corner of his study for her kittens, and brought them in from the kitchen one by one. Mr. Dickens had them taken away again, but Williamina only brought them quietly back. Again they were removed, but the third time of their return she did not leave them in the corner. Instead, she placed them at her master's feet, and taking her stand beside them, looked imploringly up at him. That settled the question. Thereafter the kittens belonged to the study, and they made themselves royally at home, swarming on the curtains, playing about the writing-table, and scampering behind the bookshelves.

Most of the family were given away; only one remained, entirely deaf, and known, from her devotion to Dickens, as "the master's cat." This little creature followed him about like a dog, and sat beside him while he wrote.

One evening Dickens was reading by a small table whereon stood a lighted candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was much interested in his book, and he proceeded to relight the candle, stroking the cat as he did so. Afterwards he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that the reason of her melancholy suddenly dawned upon him. Turning quickly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and again she looked at him appealingly. She was lonesome; she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for gaining her end.

THE SQUIRREL

Innocent in all his ways, harmless in his food, playful as a kitten, but without cruelty, and surpassing the fantastic dexterity of the monkey, with the grace and brightness of a bird, the little dark-eyed miracle of the forest glances from branch to branch more like a sunbeam than a living creature. It leaps and darts and twines where it will; a chamois is slow to it and a panther clumsy. Grotesque as a gnome, gentle as a fairy, delicate as the silken plumes of the rush, beautiful and strong like the spiral of a fern, it haunts you, listens for you, hides from you, looks for you, loves you, as if the Angel that walks with your children had made it himself for a heavenly plaything.

JOHN RUSKIN.



In the Editor's Library

THE PITIFUL STORY OF THE PERFORMING ANIMAL, by an Ex-Trainer.

That fear is the only thing which will make animals perform difficult tricks before the public is the contention of the author of this pamphlet, after an experience of eighteen years in the despicable business of fitting animals for the stage. "The cleverer the act," he states, "the greater the cruelty used to obtain it."

Let not the fact be overlooked that back of all those unnatural performances of animals, whether dogs or horses or lions or elephants, were the lash, the spike, and the prod, pin-pricks, threats and blows, before the spirit was broken and the beast made subservient to the will of a merciless master.

The lot of our animal slaves which are compelled to furnish entertainment in the circus-ring or music hall is indeed a distressful one. Their preparation, according to the testimony of this practical trainer, is a period of humiliation, torture and misery. They are made the victims of drugs and deceptions; cruelly confined in comfortless quarters when traveling; ill-treated when treated at all, and prisoners for life.

31 pp. Twopence, postpaid. "Animals' Friend" Society, London.

TALES TOLD IN A MENAGERIE, Alice Lotherington.

To endow the animals with human speech; to represent each as telling the story of his life and how he came to be in the menagerie; what his habits are and what also are his uses in the world—this is one of the best ways of fixing the more important facts of natural history in the minds of children. The dozen or more stories told in this little book should prove entertaining and instructive to young readers or listeners. Many illustrations also add to the educational value of the tales.

97 pp. 60 cents. Educational Magazine Publishing Co., New York City.

POULTRY CULTURE, Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

The fourth edition of this bulletin contains two rather comprehensive articles on feeding poultry, which have been added since the last edition, "Poultry Feeds and Methods of Feeding," by Professor J. C. Graham of Amherst, and "Some Practical Points in the Management of Poultry for Egg Production," by Professor James E. Rice of Cornell. The other articles treat of the best breeds of fowl, and of the most profitable ways of housing, hatching and rearing chicks.

158 pp. (paper). Free. Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, Boston.



"DUDLEY," A DULUTH (MINNESOTA) CAT IN SOME OF HIS FAVORITE POSES

CHILDREN'S PAGE

AN ISLAND BIRD CITY

By NELLIE M. COYE

WHAT is that big bird, Aunt Ruth? It looks as if it was walking on the water."

Pauline and her aunt were sailing down the harbor when Pauline's attention was attracted to a large bird with wide-spread wings that had suddenly swooped down upon the water and seemed to be trying to balance itself.

"That is a gull, dear. See! there are some more of them. They are fishing," Aunt Ruth replied.

"Fishing!" Pauline exclaimed, "why, how funny for a bird to fish!"

"Not 'funny' for a gull. Fishes are what gulls live on."

Pretty soon the water all around was white with the large-winged birds that seemed to skim over the water, and occasionally dived down into it.

"I never saw such large birds before, Auntie," Pauline said. "They must be as large as eagles," she declared.

"Not quite as large, I think. And, indeed, there are other water birds called gannets that are larger than these gulls," Aunt Ruth replied. "Perhaps you will be interested to hear about a 'bird city' I once saw. It was nothing but an immense rock in the ocean. Travelers to and from Scotland, when the steamers approach the mouth of the Firth of Forth, always crowd the deck for the first glimpse of Bass Rock, as it is called, which a colony of birds called gannets have taken for their home. This rock is one mile in circumference, and is 313 feet high. During the summer months tens of thousands of gannets hover around this rock and nest in its crannies.

"When the steamers get quite near the rock they blow their whistles or fire rockets, to hear the wonderful echo which comes from a cavern beneath it. The noise startles the birds, and they rise from the rock by thousands, filling the air for yards around with their wide, white, flapping wings. It is a sight that one never forgets.

"Sometimes the wings become almost motionless, and the birds appear to be sailing. When a fish is seen in the water beneath, they close their wings and shoot downward, like an arrow, to secure their prey. These large birds have numerous air cavities under the skin which render them very light on the water, and enable them to swim with great ease.

"Gannets are from thirty to thirty-six inches long, and their wings are from fifteen to nineteen inches across, and thousands of them flying together present a wonderful sight."

Pauline was very much interested in her aunt's story about this "bird city" in the ocean; and she hopes that some time she may be fortunate enough to see it for herself.

A STRANGE PET

In a country town in northern Pennsylvania there lives a little old man who sells milk, carrying it from house to house morning and evening in a small hand-cart. There is nothing strange about that, but his companion on these daily trips is the very strangest you ever heard of—an old gray goose, who follows him about in the most dignified manner, and stands watch over the cart, letting no one go near it in his master's absence. His name is Major, and his master says that he is just as useful as a dog would be.



THE OLD MILL-POND

The pond I know is a wonderful place,
The home of pickerel, perch, and dace,
And many a time by the shore you find
Turtles on sunny logs reclined.

Sweet-flag grows by the banks in lots,
And in a number of other spots:
The reeds are thick wherever you fare,
And the cattails wave their tails in air.

The kingfishers live on the wooded side,
And they know just where the minnows hide:
And often a heron comes flapping down
From up in the marshland, green and brown.

The darning-needles flit to and fro,
But they can't sew your ears up tight, you know;
Like aeroplanes they sail around,
But they don't turn over and strike the ground.

I've fished a lot, and I've not caught much,
Perch and shiners and dace, and such;
But it's fun just to sit with your line thrown out
And watch the curious things about.

I've heard of the sea and the big steamships
And I'd like to go on some ocean trips;
But here there is fun of which I'm fond,—
Playing around the old mill-pond!

ARTHUR W. PEACH.

A Prayer for Children

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, help me to
be kind to animals, and incline also, I pray Thee,
the hearts of men and children everywhere to be
kind to them, and to prevent cruelty to all birds and
beasts the world over. Amen.

Veterinary Column

Question: Last spring I lost two horses and a veterinarian said the cause of their death was blackwater. Will you kindly tell me something about this disease and how it can be prevented?

I. D. K.

Answer: Azoturia (blackwater) is a disease of the horse in a plethoric condition and is a hyper-nitrogenous condition of the blood, the result of high feeding and lack of sufficient exercise. It is a disease that usually appears in the spring, and young animals are more prone to it than others. When it becomes established and the animal is down, unable to rise, as the result of paralysis, the chances of recovery are very small. With the first symptoms, namely, profuse sweating and marked lameness, either in one or both hind legs and sometimes in a forward leg, the animal should be stopped, blanketed and removed in an ambulance to a suitable place for treatment by a competent veterinarian. Prevention:—When the animal is in the stable, it should have salt in the manger at all times. Feed bran mash once or twice a week and not too many oats. The disease is not contagious.

Question: Will you kindly tell me a proper treatment for "caked bag" in a cow?

E. J.

Answer: I have previously answered this query in this column, though somewhat briefly. "Caked bag" or garget is usually caused by some external violence, such as being kicked by another animal, etc. It may be an accompanying symptom of tuberculosis. The first essential of treatment is absolute quiet, where the udder is much inflamed. It is well to use a large, clean bandage around the body to suspend the udder. Warm applications of sweet oil, lanolin or lard, with gentle massaging to relieve the udder of the congested milk, are beneficial. A pound of Epsom salts should be given by the mouth in the form of a drench dissolved in a good amount of luke-warm water. When the temperature has returned to normal and the inflammation has been reduced, it is advisable to have the animal tested for tuberculosis.

Question: How often should a horse's teeth be filed?

J. L.

Answer: The mouth should be thoroughly examined at least once a year by a veterinarian who will then determine what, if anything, needs to be done to the teeth.

Question: What course do you recommend as a first-aid treatment for a colt with a barbed-wire cut from which there is profuse bleeding?

C. H. M.

Answer: Apply a tourniquet above the injury in order to stanch the flow of blood. Tincture of iron or tannic acid should then be freely applied to the wound, after which bandage with cotton.

A few hours after the hemorrhage is stopped apply cold water freely and then the following solution:

Zinc sulphate.

Acetate of lead, of each 1 ounce.

Add water to make a quart, mix and apply freely three times a day.

If flies bother the wound, the free use of powdered naphthalin will prove beneficial.

Question: What treatment would you recommend for scouring in a three-year-old colt?

M. I. T.

Answer: Moderate feeding on clean, wholesome feed, the internal administration of sulpho-carbolates compound, three tablets dissolved in a small quantity of water three times a day.

Note: The Society's veterinarian will be glad to answer questions relative to the treatment of sick or injured animals. Replies will be published whenever practicable.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of the annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than can be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR JUNE, 1914

Bequests:—Mrs. M. C. C. Wilson, additional, \$2500; Mrs. Martha L. Barrett, \$543.17; Mrs. Mary S. Leland, \$200; Granville L. Thayer (in part), \$100.

Members and Donors

"In Memoriam," \$100; "E. A. H.," \$63.71; Mrs. Annie Osgood Baldwin and friends, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$52; Mrs. Edith G. Searle Maynard, \$25; Miss Clara C. Pierce, \$25; Mahlon R. Bryan, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$10; Mrs. Sophie R. Phillips, for slaughter-house reform fund, \$10; Miss Edmonds' class in the Unitarian S. S. Chestnut Hill, \$10; Miss Laura Boorman, half for general work and half for Angell Memorial Hospital, \$10; Miss Sarah G. Fogarty, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$10; Geo. M. Sherman, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$10; Mrs. Henry W. Warren, \$10; E. L. Dwyer, \$3; "Cash," \$3; Mrs. T. P. Hall, \$2.50; E. L. Graves, \$1.25; Mrs. G. F. Goss, \$0.25.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH

Arthur McArthur, Mrs. Georgiana Doten, Geo. M. Hendee, Mrs. Albert Weaver, F. H. Hedge, Miss M. H. Dennie, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, Miss Edith Preston Foster, Mrs. J. W. Thurber, Mrs. Thomas Cordis, J. L. Wyckoff, Mrs. Robert F. Miller, Mrs. Mary B. Carter, Hattie J. Dixon, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, Mrs. Chas. F. Cutler, for the Angell Memorial Hospital.

TWO DOLLARS EACH

Mrs. Geo. Kempton, Rev. J. F. Conlon, Mrs. H. M. L. Barry, F. H. Norton, Wm. S. Bellows, Mrs. E. L. Spencer, C. L. Warner, Newton Paper Co., C. E. Bardwell, Dr. W. C. Van Tassel, Mrs. Nellie A. Fitzgerald, Mother's Conference of the Merrill Kindergarten (Cambridge), for the Angell Memorial Hospital, Mrs. Ella L. Campbell, Mrs. Marie Robinson, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, Mrs. W. B. Lambert, Mrs. H. A. Hovey.

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R. H. Sircom, G. Sidney Macfarlane, Mrs. C. H. Baker, A. H. Martin, M. D., Mrs. E. F. M. Lincoln.

Sale of "Why Not" pictures, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$271.16.

For Summer Work for Horses

Mrs. L. N. Kettle, \$200; Mrs. Angelina Champlin, \$100; Mrs. F. W. Simmonds, \$50; Mrs. B. A. Plumley, \$50; Mrs. Ruth C. Appleton, \$25; "June 30," \$20; "A. M. D.," \$20; Mrs. Cornelia Pfaff, \$20; Mrs. H. E. Sargent, for the horses' vacation fund, \$14; Miss Mary De Wolf Thacher, \$10; Mrs. Mary W. Newell, \$10; Nettie B. Roe, for the horses' vacation fund, \$7; Mrs. Robert Cochran, for the horses' vacation fund, \$5; Mrs. Ida R. Hall, \$5; Annie M. Flanagan, \$5; B. B. Crowninshield, \$5; Mrs. Mary L. Rose, \$5; Miss Edith Babcock, \$5; Miss Annie B. Coolidge, \$5; Mrs. M. H. Bancroft, \$5; Miss Edith C. Wilson, \$2; Mrs. F. D. Taylor, for the horses' vacation fund, \$2; Miss Etta M. Wood and friend, for vacation fund, \$1.10; A. W. Rice, \$1; Virginia L. Baker, Pres't "Dumb Animal Lovers," for vacation fund, \$1.05; Miss Alberta Holbrook, \$1.

Total, \$4716.02. Fines, \$199.75.

The American Humane Education Society, \$550.

Subscribers

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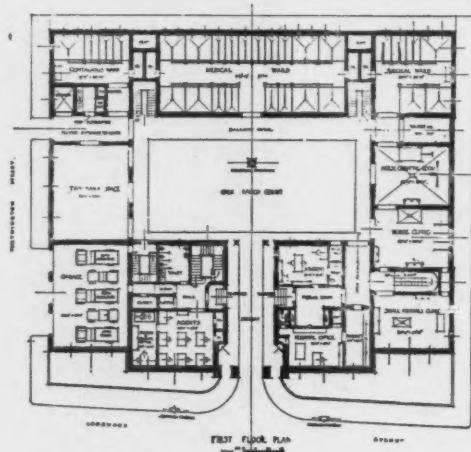
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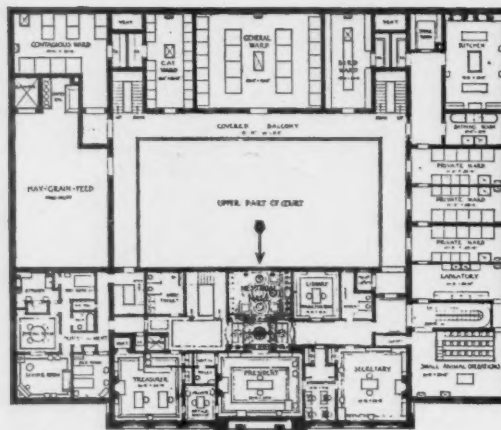
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